

Bibliography - 1912

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Hon. George W. Ellis, K. C., F. R. G. S., with a Place in "Who's Who in America" and "Successful Americans," and a Member of Many Learned Societies, Contributes to a London Journal an Article on "Liberia in the Political Psychology of West Africa."

(By Cary B. Lewis.)

Mr. George W. Ellis is a prominent lawyer of Chicago with a suite of elegantly furnished rooms at 3000 South State street, and is doing a constantly increasing legal business in the state and federal courts of Illinois.

Situation of Liberia in West Africa.

In the October number of the Journal of the African Society, 1912, just out, appears a very interesting and illuminating contribution by Mr. Ellis upon "Liberia in the Political Psychology of West Africa." Opening with a graphic description of the main physical aspects of the great African continent, the writer first takes up and sets forth the European political machinery by means of which Europe controls the innumerable tribes of Africa. He tells about the cruelty of the early European colonial government toward the native races, in which the Africans were deprived of their lands and subjected to the indefinite domination of European administrators, little prepared for their new and grave responsibilities. He mentions the names of that growing body of African students and reformers, with their torrents of compelling facts constantly turned upon the European reading and official world, which finally secured a hearing for Africa and ultimately led to many needed reforms in colonial administration in West Africa in particular and in general throughout Africa.

Nature of the Article.

This article is eighteen pages long and written in the best literary form. It displays wide reading, an abundance of facts, and a striking familiarity with African problems and conditions. After discussing the mechanism of West African colonial government, early colonial attitude toward native races, reform in West African colonial government, the writer in the most comprehensive manner, considers the development of resources to neglect of native races, West African colonial attitude toward Americans, purpose and nature of the Liberian Democracy, Liberian attitude toward native races, difficulties of Liberian political ideal, European attitude towards Liberia, and the West African outlook. Interspersed with quotations the value of the article is enhanced by the list of authorities at the bottom of each page and marks the author as a scholar and writer of very careful training and liberal culture. Having resided in West Africa for a number of years since 1902 much of his information given is based upon observation and study, and thus strengthens the claim that he is an able student of African affairs and justly deserves his recognition as an authority on West African problems and conditions. For one to really appreciate the importance of this contribution he must read it for himself. The Journal which published it was so pleased with it that they also had printed a number of reprints in pamphlet form, one of which the reviewer has carefully perused.

Mr. Ellis as a Contributor.

This is not the only article which Mr. Ellis has contributed, in winning his place among American writers. In 1907 he contributed an article on "Education in Liberia" to the Bureau of Education at Washington, D. C., which is contained in

the Bureau's report for 1907; on justice in the West African jungle he contributed another to The Independent, Christmas number, 1909, and another in the April 25th issue, 1911, on the "Negro in the Chicago Primary"; in May 1911, he contributed another to The American Political Science Review on "Political Institutions in Liberia"; in the January issue of the Journal of Race Development at Clark University, Worcester, Mass., is another on "Dynamic Factors in the Liberian Situation"; in October of the same magazine is another on "Islam as a Factor in West African Culture"; and in the July, 1912, issue is one on "Political Importance of the International Loan in Liberia."

Mr. Ellis the Recipient of Many Honors.

Mr. Ellis has received many honors for a young man. For special study and thesis he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of London; member of the African Society for the Study of African Institutions; Secretary of the American Legation to the Republic of Liberia for nine and one-half years; member of the American Political Science Association; member of the American Sociological Society; member of the American Society of International Law; by request deposited fourteen cases of ethnological specimens in the National Museum, at Washington, D. C.; selected as one of the contributing editors of the Journal of Race Development of Clark University, Worcester, Mass.; occupies a place in Successful Americans, and a more prominent place in Who's Who in America for 1912; and was decorated with the title of Sir as Knight Commander of the Order of African Redemption. He is favorably known upon three continents as lawyer, orator, writer, scholar, diplomat, and statesman.

The Quakers and Slavery.

Turner's book, "The Pennsylvania Negro," is a comprehensive and fair historical estimate, and students are reading it with avidity. Recently the papers have been teeming with letters on this work, and although men have drawn conclusions, the consensus is indeed favorable in the matter of accuracy. One striking feature is, the part played by the Quakers in the matter of practical aid and sympathy for the colored people of Pennsylvania and elsewhere. Very many colored people either condemn or fail to award the Quakers their just due. In the first place this sect has always consistently and rigidly lived up to conscience. What they exact from themselves, they demand from others. They have always paid promptly and made others do likewise. When they bargain for work, the bargain must be lived up to. An appointment for a certain hour means that. Some people wince under a restraint, who are themselves lax of habit. All these things foster prejudice; but what is needed is to approach the attitude of the Quakers with a dispassionate mind. The best way is to recount just what they did. It is true that they were to a degree slave holders at the beginning and for the reason of the paucity of unskilled labor. They did not see the enormity of human bondage as quickly as the Germans, because they really began to wage war against the system as early as 1688 in Pennsylvania, but when they did, it became general. Even when chattel ownership was common, it was mollified by the Quakers in ways unlike others. They clothed them better, fed them decently and made it a point to teach them trades and text books.—Pencil Pusher in Philadelphia Tribune.

TWO NEW BOOKS.

As we leave for the General Conference we are putting on the press two new books—both unusual contributions from members of our race. The first is a most unusual piece of work, entitled "Man Before Adam," by Mr. A. T. Bell, of New York, an antiquarian and student of ethnological research of more than ordinary perseverance. This book will be illustrated and will contain many original coptic quotations, and will no doubt be most interesting to the general reader, as well as the professional ethnologist.

The other book is by our most distinguished scholar, President W. S. Scarborough, of Wilberforce University. It is a series of addresses, nine in number. The titles are (1.) "The Negro College," (2.) "The College as a Source of Culture," (3.) "The College and the Student," (4.) "The Training Worth While," (5.) "What Counts for Success," (6.) "Greek Learning and Human Liberty," (7.) "What the Omen," (8.) "Paul Laurence Dunbar," (9.) "The Negro Graduate—His Mission."

The book will contain 120 pages and will be printed on fine Alexandra Japan with a deckled edge, the paper alone costing more than \$100. It will be the best piece of work we have done since we have had charge of the

LYRICS OF THE UNDER WORLD.

We have read with profound interest the book of poems by S. A. Beadle, of Jackson, Miss., entitled "Lyrics of the Under World", and as an evidence of our appreciation of this volume, we reproduce the scholarly introduction by Hon. W. E. Mollison, which sets forth the merits of this volume in only such words and such graphic English as Mr. Mollison can command in his own inimitable way. We quote the following from Mr. Mollison's introduction:

Introduction.

It was Abraham Lincoln who said "God Almighty must have loved the common people, or he would not have made so many of them." It is not often that the bard makes any effort to sing the songs of the lowly. The poet is prone to pay court to the gods who dwell upon Olympus, rather than the delvers in mines or the fellers of the forest. The author of this book has seen life in all of its phases. From the humblest of beginnings, he has reached heights not dreamed of in his

boyhood; has measured swords with the best and master spirits of his age, and has held his own among them. His heart must beat in unison with the sufferings as well as the hopes and aspirations for such as are not "brother to the ox." Many of these poems voiced for the first time the dreams and hopes of this Under-World; many of them have in their lines glint of real genius, and while our author has not ridden Pegassus like the Centaur, even Jupiter has nodded at him. Our author's contribution to the literature of his people and of his time will be more appreciated as the years roll by.

He has placed all of us under lasting obligations to him for having opened these new vistas into the hearts and souls of the simple folk whose songs he sings with such consummate grace and simple beauty.

Mr. Beadle has written many charming verses in earlier years, many of them show sparks of poetic fire—but none come up to the sustained height reached and kept in "Lyrics of the Under World."

W. E. MOLLISON.

The little poem "Baby Darling" is reproduced on account of its naturalness to life and because of the wonderful pathos contained in its beautiful lines:

BABY DARLING

Once a wee bit baby darling,
Pure as beauty, sweet as grace,
Sat upon my knee and thrilled me
With her rare bewitching face;
Face so fair, so charmed, so pregnant
With the glow of buoyant soul,
That the angels paid her homage;
And, disputing earth's control,
Trooped about her crib and worshipped
Baby darling's virgin soul.

Lingered there and learned to love her,
And to envy us the child,
Till our jealousies grew frenzied,
As the spirit world beguiled,
Lured and charmed, and so enrapt her
With the ditties of the skies,
That she pined and looked the languor.
Through her fever-stricken eyes.
All our mortal love we gave her
But the angels:—paradise.

Yes, they took her, jealous angels,
Thus to take the baby child,
All because she was the fairest
That e'er looked on them and smiled
Up in glory where they keep her,
Can they, will they really be
Half as careful, half as anxious

Of our baby's weal as we?
Did they really give her fever,
In their joyous ecstasy?

Sick of pain, she daily wilted
Through a typhus fever's blight
Still her spirit dropped its body—
Far from earthly things took flight,
With the cherubim then journeyed,
Up in yon ethereal dome,
Purest, fairest being, truly,
That e'er through it flitted home
To Elysian fields of glory,
Where the Savior bids all come.

J. E. Bruce, "Bruce-Grit," has published an interesting volume entitled: "Short Biographical Sketches of Eminent Negro Men and Women of Europe and the United States."

HENSON'S BOOK ON TRIP TO POLE

(From the New York Sun.)

One of the most interesting of the spring's authors from many points of view is Matthew Henson, whose book, "A Negro Explorer at the North Pole," contains the only personal account other than Peary's that will ever be written of the climax of the expedition. It is significant, as Peary has said, that several races were represented on the day of the discovery.

"It is an interesting fact," he said, "that in the final conquest of the 'prize of the centuries' not alone individuals but races were represented. On that bitter brilliant day in April, 1909, when the Stars and Stripes floated at the north pole Caucasian, Ethiopian and Mongolian stood side by side at the apex of the earth in the harmonious companionship resulting from hard work, exposure, danger and a common object."

Henson, son of the tropics, has proven through years his ability to stand tropical, temperate and the fiercest stress of frigid climate and exposure, while on the other hand, it is well known that the inhabitants of the highest north, and hardy as they are to the rigors of their own climate, succumb very quickly to the vagaries of even a temperate climate. "Is it a difference in physical fibre or in brain and will power or is the difference in the climatic conditions themselves?"

Henson, the author, who throughout his book shows a love and knowledge of good books surprising when one considers his limited advantages and the restrictions imposed by his twenty years of hardships in exploration, does not in appearance show any evidence of extreme hardihood. Though virile enough to reach the pole with Peary, he is no huge Jack Johnson nor anything resembling him, but a smallish, quiet, observant sort of man. He is well knit, quick of movement and clear of eye—like a trained runner. He wears eyeglasses, carries himself like a competent though modest man of affairs and shows an efficiency and ease coming from long association with big men.

There were always a few books along on the exploring expeditions, and no one made better use of them than did Peary's Negro companion. He tells of the little library on board the Roosevelt during the last polar journey.

Out on the ice of the polar ocean, he says, "as far as reading matter went, I think Dr. Goodsell had a very small set of Shakespeare, and I know that I had a Holy Bible. The others who went out on the ice may have had reading matter with them, but they did not read it out loud, and so I am not in a position to say what their literary tastes were."

"But on board ship there was quite an extensive library, especially on Arctic and Antarctic topics, but as it was in the commander's cabin it was not heavily patronized. In my own cabin I had Dickens's 'Bleak House,' Kipling's 'Barrack Room Ballads,' and the poems of Thomas Hood; also a copy of the Holy Bible which had been given to me by a dear old lady in Brooklyn. I also had Peary's book, 'Northward Over the Great Ice,' and his last work, 'Nearest the Pole.'

"During the long dreary midnights of the Arctic winter I spent many a pleasant hour with my books. I also took along with me a calendar for the years 1908 and 1909, for in the regions of noontime darkness and midnight daylight, a calendar is absolutely necessary. But mostly I had rougher things than reading to do."

In his book the English used by this Negro, who had only six years of schooling in his life, shows the influence of his constant reading of classical literature. It has been said that there is no better cultivator of a literary style than the Bible, and the work of Henson would seem to bear the statement out. Shakespeare is there, too, seemingly unconsciously on the author's part. For instance:

"We forced the dogs," he writes, "and they took it on the run, the ice bulging beneath them the same as it does when little wanton boys play with tickle benders, often with serious results, on the newly formed ice on ponds and brooks down in civilization. Our tickle benders were not done in the spirit of play, but on account of urgent necessity."

"He died alone, he passed into the great unknown alone, bravely and honorably," he writes with Biblical simplicity and repetition of the death of Prof. Marvin. "He is the last of Earth's great martyrs; he is home, his work is done, he is where he longed to be, the Sailor is Home in the Sea. It is sad to write this. He went back to his death, drowned in the cold black water of the Big Lead. In unmarked, unmarbled grave, he sleeps his last, long sleep."

"Having no poetry in my soul," he says in a description of northernmost Grant Land, "and being somewhat hardened by years of experience in the inhospitable country, words proper to give you an idea of its unique beauty do not come to mind."

"Imagine gorgeous bleakness, beautiful blankness. It never seems broad bright day, even in the middle of June and the sky has the different effects of the varying hours of morning and evening twilight from the first to the last peep of day. Early in February, at noon, a thin band of light appears far to the southward, heralding the approach of the sun, and daily the twilight lengthens, until early in March, the sun, a flaming disk of fiery crimson, shows his distorted image above the horizon."

"The south sides of the lofty peaks have for days reflected the glory of the coming sun, and it does not require an artist to enjoy the unexampled splendor of the view. The snows covering the peaks show all of the colors,

variations and tones of the artist's palette and more. Artists have gone with us into the Arctic and I have heard them rave over the wondrous beauties of the scene and I have seen them at work trying to reproduce some of it with good results, but with nothing like the effect of the original. It is color run riot."

"To the northward all is dark and the brighter stars of the heavens are still visible, but growing fainter daily with the strengthening of the sunlight."

"When the sun finally gets above the horizon and swings his daily circle the color effects grow less and less, but then the sky and cloud effects improve and the shadows in the mountains and clefts of the ice show forth their beauty, cold blues and grays, the bare patches of the land rich browns, and the whiteness of the snow is dazzling."

"Above us the sky is blue and bright, bluer than the sky of the Mediterranean, and the clouds, from the silky cirrus mare's tails to the fantastic and heavy cumulus, are always objects of beauty. This is the description of fine weather."

The closing paragraph of the Negro explorer's record is particularly interesting, for into it he weaves two of his favorite authors, Shakespeare and Kipling.

"And now my story is ended; it is a tale that is told," he writes. "'Now is Othello's occupation gone.' I long to see them all again, the brave, cheery companions of the trail of the North."

I long to see again the lithe figure of my commander and to hear again his clear ringing voice urging and encouraging me onward with his 'Well done, my boy.' I want to be with the party when they reach the untrod shores of Crocker Land. I yearn to be with those who reach the South Pole; the lure of the Arctic is tugging at my heart; to me the trail is calling."

"The old trail!"

The trail that is always new!" Matt Henson was born in Charles County, Maryland, in 1866, and his mother dying when he was seven, he attended the N street school in Washington for six years while making his home with his uncle in that city. He began life as a cabin boy on an ocean steamship and before he met Peary he had already made a voyage to China.

He was eighteen when he met the Arctic explorer and he has been his companion for twenty-three years. During that time he acquired a knowledge of books and got a practical understanding of everything that is necessary part of daily life in the ice-bound wildernesses of polar exploration. He was at times a blacksmith, carpenter and a cook.

He became thoroughly acquainted with the life, customs and language of the Eskimos. He himself built the sledges with which the journey to the pole was successfully completed. He could not only drive a dog team or kin a musk ox, but was something of a navigator as well. He made himself not only the most trusted but also the most useful member of the expedition.

A Negro at the North Pole

"A Negro Explorer at the North Pole," By Matthew Henson. With a Foreword by Robert E. Peary and an introduction by Booker T. Washington. With illustrations from Photographs. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. *440 p. \$1.50*

The courage and endurance of Mr. Henson, who has been a member of each and all of Admiral Peary's Arctic expeditions since 1891, deserve the utmost praise. Matthew Henson reflects credit on his race. It is marvelous how a "son of the tropics" should have been able to bear the severest cold, while some of the inhabitants of northern lands succumbed to the rigors of their own climate.

In Booker T. Washington's introduction we read these characteristic words: "I am proud and glad to welcome this account of his adventure from a man who has not only honored the race of which he is a member, but has proven again that courage, fidelity and ability are honored and rewarded under a black skin as well as under a white."

The narrative is spirited and natural. The naïve statement of the author that for periods covering more than twelve months he had been "to all intents an Eskimo,

with Eskimos for companions, speaking their language, dressing in the same kind of clothes, living in the same kind of dens, eating the same food, enjoying their pleasures, and frequently sharing their griefs," must satisfy every appreciative reader that this man was as adaptable as he was adventurous.

Matthew Henson, who was born in Charles County, Maryland, on August 8, 1866, began life as a cabin boy on an ocean steamship and had made a voyage to China before he met Robert E. Peary. He had been at times a blacksmith, a carpenter and a cook.

Of course, the latest of Peary's expeditions which started in July, 1908, furnishes the materials for the main portion of the book. A diary kept by the author, though somewhat rambling, gives an air of realism to his story.

Of the Eskimos we have some quaint glimpses in this volume. They are mild in spite of their exclusive meat diet. Except between husband and wife they seldom quarrel. An Eskimo mother washes her baby as a cat washes her kittens."

Professor MacMillan's cheerfulness is emphasized. He was "the life of the funeral." When the Eskimos got cranky, he managed them. The planting of the Stars and Stripes at the Pole is enthusiastically dwelt upon, and the author proudly claims that he "a lowly member of his race," had been chosen by fate to represent it at this almost the last of the world's great work."—From Rochester (N. Y.) Post-Express.

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THOSE persons who believe that there is no capability in the Negro race, who think that nothing can raise them to the high moral and intellectual standards, are invited to read this modest volume which does not err on the side of overstatement.—PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER.

It certainly is an inspiring book, one which ought to raise up many friends to the race and to encourage all who believe in equal opportunity before the law to see that those who toil so hard should get the just rewards of their justly directed industry.—OLD PENN (UNIVERSITY OF PA.) WEEKLY REVIEW.

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new york age

Now and then, there appears a re-

The solution of the title, "The Autobiography of an ex-Colored Man" is the one which must suggest itself to the curious reader, since there is only one. The author is the son of a white Southerner and a very light mulatto and is himself so fair that after having been identified with Negroes in the South, and to a certain extent in the North, he has been able to withdraw himself wholly from relations with that race and, for the sake of the children, name him by his white wife, now dead, to class himself as a white man. So far as concerns the practical importance of the book, it is to be found chiefly in the warning account of the Negro underworld in the big city. As for the complete identification of this man of Negro blood with the white race, the narrative may excite the fear of imaginative persons that what has happened in this case may be repeated in others, to the eventful amalgamation of the races. But while it is not for a moment to be supposed that this is the only instance of its kind, those who conjure such fears may be left to deal with them.

The author was born in a little town in Georgia, which he does not name, a few years after the close of the civil war. Of his birthplace he recalls only dim recollections of a little house with flowers around it, and of various people

The narrative which is thus introduced is told clearly and vividly, although with a touch now and then of sentimental emotion, which is the less to be wondered at as the author describes his unusual musical achievements, which suggest plainly the temperamental racial inheritance. He was 1 years old or thereabouts at the time of his discovery of the Negro blood in his veins, and for some years after that he remained in the little Connecticut town, developing his musical talent, and once seeing his father, who came to visit the little cottage.

On his mother's death, the boy, who would appear to have been about 16 years, went to Atlanta to enter the Negro college there. Before entering the college, his hoarded money was stolen in a Negro boarding-house, and, ashamed of his carelessness, he did not dare to go to the college authorities, but instead, taking the advice of the Negro porter, who proved afterward to have probably been the thief, he went to Jacksonville, where he obtained work in a cigar factory. With the manual dexterity which came partly from piano playing, he soon became an expert workman, and then, with his newly discovered capacity for languages, he acquired a command of Spanish, and was repaid by being selected as "reader" in the cigar factory. As a regular institution in all factories which employ Spanish-speaking workmen, the "reader" is perhaps by this time familiar through frequent description; he sits in the center of the room in which the cigarmakers work, and reads to them for a certain time each day the important news from the papers and whatever else he may consider interesting, sometimes selecting a novel and reading it in daily instalments.

Through his music teaching the author became acquainted with "the best class of colored people in Jacksonville," adding that "this was really" his entrance "into the race." Not only does he write strongly of the upward struggle of the Negroes but in his account

the servants, the washwomen, to waiters, to cooks, all in a word who are connected with the whites by domestic service, and between this class of the blacks and the whites he declares there to be little or no friction. His third class is composed of the independent workmen and tradesmen and of the well-to-do and educated colored people and he adds that for a directly opposite reason they are as far removed from the whites as the members of the first class. "These people live in a little world of their own and he points out that whereas the proudest Southern women could, with propriety and undoubtedly would in fact, go to the cabin of Aunt Mary, her cook, if Aunt Mary was sick and minister to her comfort with her own hands, "on the other hand, Aunt Mary's daughter who used to hang around the kitchen but who has received an education and married a prosperous young colored man, were at death's door, the white women would no more think of crossing the threshold of the daughter's cottage than she would of going into a parlor for a drink."

From Jacksonville, on the closing of the cigar factory, the author drifted to New York, and the result is a description of the Negro "underworld" of the metropolis such as probably has never been written before. The young man with a little money in his pocket was taken about by Negro friends to various resorts, including a gambling club frequented by Negro "sports" and th like, together with white persons of certain sorts. Although vivid, the description is in no sense abhorrent, although a Zola might, indeed, have employed it as the basis of a picture to be filled out by the unrelenting addition of details. As it is, the reader is introduced to clubs and restaurants where Negro jockeys flushed with the winnings on the turf buy "wine" recklessly for all who sit around beneath the colored celebrities upon the wall from Frederick Douglas to "Jack Johnson and the like." From this gallight existence, as he well describes, the author was rescued through his musical ability. In one of these resorts he had his first introduction to "ragtime" music, which was then unknown. With his classical education in music he was able to develop and adapt the Negro melodies, and on the other hand to play classical music in ragtime. At the end he became a "professor" at the piano in a Negro resort, and there was taken up by a white man of wealth and leisure in search of novelty, who employed him to play at Bohemian dinners and finally took him abroad as a companion giving him opportunities in France and Germany to pick up not only the languages but more music.

It was at Berlin that after having played some ragtime music at a gathering of musical people, the author gained what for the time he conceived to be the inspiration of his life work. He had hardly finished his ragtime when an enthusiastic German brushed him off the stool and taking the same theme varied and developed it through every known musical form. "I had been turning classical music into ragtime, a comparatively easy task; and this man had taken ragtime and made it classical." The thought flashed into his mind that there was his opportunity, that the music of America might be developed from the Negro melodies. He then determined to leave his leisure loving companion and go back to the United States to work as a Negro composer. The decision made, he returned to the country and began his labors among the Southern Negroes in collecting their melodies and the chapter in which he tells of this work will prove one of exceptional interest to any who have found an appeal in Negro music. But it was while engaged in this work in a thinly settled district that he witnessed a lynching in which the wretched victim was not merely hung but burned to death. Sick at heart, he determined, as he frankly expresses it, to forsake his race, "that I would change my name, raise a mustache, and let the world take me for what it would, that it was not necessary for me to go about with a label of inferiority pasted across my forehead. All the while I understood that it was not discouragement, or fear, or search for a larger field of action and opportunity that was driving me out of the Negro race, I knew that it was shame, unbearable shame. Same as being identified with a people that could with impunity be treated worse than animals. For certainly the law

Returning to New York the author eventually succeeded in carving out a new career for himself, being accepted without question as a white man, and as a dint of perseverance in taking a business training in a business school, and in working his way up has eventually acquired a remunerative position in some commercial establishment, for reasons which are again obvious. He is not specific in his description in his part of his story. His music had been put aside as merely a diversion and as he frankly declares that he set himself to make money. After a time in the circles of white society in which he moved without question as to his place, he met a girl whom he describes with sincere feeling, and after telling her of his inheritance and living a "hammer of worn anxiety while she resided to the New England hills to think their problem out, they were married. With the coming of their second child, he lost her and so, as was stated at the opening, is living his life for his children, yet at the close he speaks of his position with complete frankness. "Sometimes," he writes, "it seems to me that I have been only a privileged spectator of their inner life; at other times I feel that I have been a coward, a deserter, and I am possessed by a strange longing for my mother's people. To this he adds a reference to a meeting which he attended several years ago at Carnegie Hall in the interest of Hampton Institute. "The Hampton students sang the old songs and awoke memories that left me sad.

Among the speakers were R. C. Ogden, ex-Embassador Choate, and Mark Twain, but the greatest interest of the audience was centered in Booker T. Washington, and not because he so much surpassed the others in eloquence, but because of what he represented with so much earnestness and faith. And it is this that all of the small but gallant band of colored men who are publicly fighting the cause of their race have behind them. Even those who oppose them know that these men have the eternal principles of right on their side, and they will be victors, even though they should go down in defeat. Beside them I feel small and selfish. I am an ordinarily successful white man who has made a little money. They are men who are making history and a race. I, too, might have taken part in a work so glorious. My love for my children makes me glad that I am what I am, and keeps me glad that I am what I am, and keeps me from desiring to be otherwise; and yet, when I sometimes open a little box in which I still keep my last yellowing manuscripts, the only tangible remnants of a vanished dream, dead ambition, a sacrificed talent, I cannot repress the thought that, after all, I have chosen the lesser part, that I have sold my birthright for a mess of pottage.—From *The Springfield Citizen*, a Republican.